

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XVIII.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

[NUMBER 23.]

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THE *Living Church* has read "The Confessions of a Unitarian" in *The Forum*, and thinks "there are indications that Unitarianism may yet erect its altars to the Unknown God." Even for such Paul seems to have had a human sympathy. Our neighbor is more considerate than some of our Cassandra-voiced critics, who think that Unitarianism will cease to erect any altars at all.

WE clip the following from the *Interior's* exposition of the Sunday-school lesson for last week, the general subject being "Lot's Choice". The italics are ours: "Lot, the nephew of Abram, who had accompanied the patriarch on his journey, had also grown rich. (Observe: a man loses nothing by association with the righteous.)" How Jesus would have admired this fine moral insight and emphasis!

THE *Christian Union* thinks that "a sign in the theological heavens that the world is moving toward church unity in the home of Congregationalism was the meeting of the ministers of all denominations, by invitation of a layman, to greet the pastor of Emmanuel Church, the Rev. Addison P. Foster. All the ministers in Roxbury, including two Catholic priests, were invited, and, with the exception of the priests, responded." It is, too, a suggestive fact that this meeting of the ministers was arranged by a layman, not by any of the ministers themselves. If the broader and more intelligent laymen in the churches would only put their opinions in practice in such ways, they might do very much towards breaking down these sectarian fences which are still kept up in the churches, though already removed

in the ordinary intercourse of business and social life. When Canon Farrar was in Cleveland, the guest of one of the leading men in business and society, himself an Episcopalian, the latter gentleman invited representatives of all the religious fellowships in the city to the afternoon reception in honor of his guest. If leading laymen were more active and pronounced in these matters, the clergy would be less held by timidity and deference to past custom.

THE only true teacher of religion is he who exemplifies it. Let those who are afraid that faith in God is dying out of the world realize that they cannot check the tendency, if such tendency there be, by scolding about it. Let their lives rather be made more God-like, and their devoutness will spread like a heavenly contagion. The world waits not for those to prove the existence of God, but for those who will win the soul to thoughts of God.

THE limited train from New York to Chicago now makes the transit in twenty-five hours. Nearly a third of the usual time saved; and this gain is obtained not so much by increasing the speed as by reducing the delays. How much better time in life we would make if we avoided the unnecessary and unimportant annoyances along the road. The gossip and the jealousy stations take so much of the time that might otherwise be spent in traveling the main line of wisdom, seeking after truth, righteousness and love.

THE *Advance* says in an editorial note:

"There was an entire poem in James Russell Lowell's remark about Dean Stanley, that 'we visited him as we visit a clearer sky and a warmer climate'. And, by the way, we could never have said it better—just what we, and all who write and all who work for it, mean to make the *Advance* for each home it enters."

If we may judge from some articles in our neighbor's columns, there is no doubt as to its fair degree of success in this respect—especially as touching the "warmer climate".

THE New York *Observer* says: "The churches of all denominations in South Carolina, since the earthquakes, have had a harvest of new converts. About 1,000 persons have united with the Presbyterian churches during the summer." This suggests Lecky's remark that "fear is everywhere the beginning of religion". That old prophet, Elijah, seems not to have been so much impressed by earthquakes, however, as by the "still small voice" that questioned him of his conduct and life, and which waits to be heard in every breast. It ought not to need earthquakes in order to produce the after silence in which this voice can be heard and obeyed.

THE Boston *Evening Gazette* talks plainly about the Rev. Samuel Jones. It says:

"He is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sin-

cerity of Mr. Jones' motives and the reality of his religious fervor, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest, religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place, to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive."

THE *Interior* reports it this way: "The United Presbyterians recently invited thirty of the brethren, representing both sides of the organ question, to meet in a love feast and talk over that business in a free and easy way. The thing was called a symposium—the literal meaning of which is a drinking together. We don't suppose there was any strong drink in this little convivial party, but it is evident, from the published talks, that something nearly as strong as Scotch whisky is reputed to be, went to the heads of nearly every brother around the festive board. The result is as usual: no man's opinion is changed and everyone has apparently added to his fighting weight."

It is interesting to know that the following couplet in Tennyson's recent poem, refers to the poet's son, Lionel Tennyson, and that they are to be inscribed on the tablet erected to that son's memory at Freshwater:

"Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshiped, being true as he was brave.

Good, for Good is Good, he followed, yet he looked beyond the grave."

Whatever of conservative and reactionary tendency the poet may represent in his latest volume, he has not grown so blind as not to recognize some deep and noble faith in one who "spells God with two o's" and seeks to promote truth in the world.

THE Unitarian Society at Germantown, Pa., has taken a step which every city parish ought to follow,—namely, the employing at a regular salary of a lady whose business it is to superintend the details of the Sunday-school, foster the kindergarten and in every possible way be the right-hand of the parish in all humanitarian and helpful ways. The conventional thought of a colleague to the minister is that of the last luxury of a wealthy parish, or the regretted relief of an aged minister, but it ought to become the first necessity of every self-reliant parish. The stronger and more efficient the minister the more need of an assistant to execute his plans and to supplement his work. This assistant had better not be another and a smaller minister, not even a talking layman, but generally some efficient, characterful woman or earnestly modest young man. A few hundred dollars out of the thousands often spent for choir performances will place this officer at work in many of our parishes. How fruitful would the work be.

IN the peroration of his last Sunday's sermon on "Is Christianity a Delusion," Mr. Talmage, having set up his men of straw and slain them all, cries:

"O, my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing, roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep! O, if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion!"

While we yield not to the popular preacher in the proper appreciation of our Christian inheritance, we count the rebuke of such an utterance better discipleship to him who came to bear witness to the truth than indorsement thereof. The love of truth, wherever it may lead and from whatever present comfort and ease it may dislodge us, whether of body or mind, is very central in all manly and womanly character. We have never for ourself had suspicion that the fundamental faiths of the heart, embodied in Christianity, are a "delusion". But if there be those who, like the late Professor Clifford, or Harriet Martineau,

for example, have come honestly to think these faiths have no real fulfillment, we believe that Jesus would love these souls in their brave acceptance of a painful truth no less, certainly, than he would the Brooklyn preacher in willingly resting in a delusion. Simplicity and sincerity of soul are more vital than particular intellectual beliefs. It is the love of truth that alone makes free.

MANY characters of the past have been set before us in a new light by our modern historians, but the prize in this sort of work must be given to a writer in the last *Interior*, who discovers new material for a life of Cain in the Revised Version:

"Cain has been strangely underrated by the church, and his memory shamefully slighted by the world. He was a man of fertile brain, enormous energy, astounding ambition and relentless will. Without precedent to guide or rivalry to stimulate him, he developed a system of agriculture, and brought it to a success, which intoxicated him till even his strong judgment reeled; he thrust its trophies in the face of God, in sacrilegious offering. When rebuffed by his Maker, sick with sore disappointment, and at length shocked by the disclosure of his own depravity on finding himself a murderer, his mortified vanity found solace in further invention of monumental proportions; he founded city civilization, involving a wide range of new mechanical arts. * * * The figure of Cain is stamped on the sacred page as the father of secular progress."

The article lacks only a likeness, photographic or other, to give it completeness.

THE Chicago Women's Unitarian Association, at its monthly meeting last week, passed a hearty vote of thanks to Senator Farwell, whose first vote from the lamented Logan's seat in Congress was in favor of the Woman Suffrage Amendment. Out of a meeting of about a hundred women there were only two or three dissenting votes. We like to put the claim of women to the ballot, where Herbert Spencer places it, not upon the argument of expediency, or the expectations of reform, but upon the law of justice; the demands of developing humanity according to the law of evolution. It is the next thing to do on the way towards a perfect social system and a more highly developed government. Says Huxley:

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, we accept the inequality of the sexes as one of nature's immutable laws; call it a fact that women are inferior to men in mind, morals and physique. Why should this settle or materially affect the subject of so-called Woman's Rights? Would not this very inferiority be a reason why every advantage should be given to the weaker sex, not only for its own good, but for the highest development of the race?"

OF Jonathan Edward's famous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God", Rev. Rouen Thomas in an excellent and very interesting biographical sketch in the *Christian Union*, says:

"The most wonderful effect was produced on the audience during its delivery. It is stated that the hearers groaned and shrieked convulsively, and their outcries of distress once drowned the preacher's voice; and compelled him to make a long pause. Some of the audience seized fast hold upon the pillars and braces of the meeting-house, as if that very moment their sliding feet were precipitating them into the gulf of perdition; and a fellow-clergyman sitting at the time in the pulpit cried out, 'Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards! is not God merciful, too?' Whether in these days we are better or worse than were the men and women of those times I am not competent to affirm, but I feel confident that no congregation in the vicinity of Boston would now sit and listen to a sermon so terrific in its logical might as that most celebrated of all sermons of the great Northampton divine."

Mr. Thomas gives us these contrasting, free-hand pictures of two of New England's great leaders in religious thought:

"In one sense Emerson may be viewed as the natural reaction from Jonathan Edwards. He of Concord collected together any quantity of material out of which to build a house for the soul; he quarried stone; he cut down timber of the very best; he brought into a heap all precious things—gems of rare quality and color—threw them at your feet, and said, 'There, build your own house, if you can; and if you can't, live out in the cold—it is all you are good for.' Edwards laid a foundation, and laboriously built a house—a

big, square, roomy, old-fashioned New England mansion, and said, 'There, go in and live in it—or stay out and be damned!' You might object that all the windows looked toward the north, that there was next to no sun in the house, and very little warmth; that it was damp and chill, and must be, from the way in which the house was built; but that, he would say, was no fault of his. God made the material, and it was a house adapted to human nature in its present condition."

FOLLOWING the inevitable necessity of growth, our Pacific friends have gone into the publishing business. The first of a series of tracts on "Modern Religious Thought" is published by the Unitarian conference of the Pacific coast. It is entitled "The Relation of Evolution to Religious Thought", by Prof. Joseph Leconte, LL.D., University of California. It is an admirable word for the times. It indicates the future path upon which inquirers must tread out of the old faith into the new. We have room but for meager quotations, but we commend it to our Post-office Mission workers. Copies may be secured at our office.

"But what is evolution but law throughout infinite time? Infinite space and the law of gravitation, infinite time and the law of evolution—these two are the grandest ideas in the realm of thought. The one is universal sustentation, the other universal creation, by law. There is one law and one energy pervading all space and all time. Our religious philosophy has long ago accepted the one, but has not yet had time to readjust itself to the other. A few years more and Christians will not only accept, but love and cherish this also, for the noble conceptions it gives of nature and of God. * * * Evolution emphasizes and enforces the universal reign of law taught by all science."

An exchange tells of a man who, at a religious service, sang vigorously,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small",

and was all the while fumbling in his pocket to find the smallest bit of silver there. Dr. Johnson, when a man asked him why the English half-penny was issued, said, "To enable some men to make benevolent contributions." We have known a collection of less than ten dollars to be taken up from an audience of nearly a thousand people, and this too, in return for a really excellent and instructive discourse or lecture, together with fine music, and where the other expenses added considerably to the cost of the evening. In any such audience there are those for whom the copper is more than the nickel or silver or paper for others, and in giving such they are generous according to their means. But the low standard to which many respectable and well-to-do people hold themselves in their financial response to a public service they have really enjoyed, and wherein they have been as guests, speaks poorly for their sense of honor. The fact that a lecture or religious service is "free" will not keep an honorable man from wishing to discharge in some measure his individual obligation if opportunity be given. The man who boasted that he had listened more or less to the gospel for twenty years and it had never cost him a cent, must have heard a poor sort of gospel, or else had profited very little by it.

THE *New Theology Herald* comes to us with its seventh number. It is published in Jamestown, N. Y., under the editorship of Rev. J. G. Townsend, who recently came out from the Methodist fellowship and is now in charge of a growing independent religious society in that city. Mr. Solon Lauer, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, is associated with Mr. Townsend in the editorship, and his initials mark many a pungent paragraph. He seems a right man in the right place. The *Herald* is a fortnightly of eight three-column pages, and the subscription one dollar a year. We cordially welcome into the common field this new seed-sower of more liberal religious thought. It will reach many, and we hope very many, whom other papers of like sympathies already established do not reach. Such efforts are missionary in character and develop a local interest which becomes a widening leaven.

The *Herald* seems to improve with each number and is a worthy claimant for an increasing subscription list. We should take exception only to one sentence in its prospectus where the *Herald* is spoken of as "the only paper representing the New Theology movement". We suppose the editors have in mind the meetings at Lake Chautauqua last summer, which took the name of "Lakewood School of New Theology". But the movement of a new theology to-day is a very broad one and has in its service many papers and many men. Unless our *Herald* means by "New Theology" a particular and already formulated faith, sat upon and approved, it can hardly speak of itself as the "only paper" of that theology, nor yet of those Lakewood meetings as its one "school".

H.

THE *Unitarian Review* for January offers much good reading. Rabbi Gottheil, in an "Open Letter" to Rev. S. R. Calthrop, puts in a protest against a previous article which calls Christianity "Israel's Last Word". With courtesy, but with great dignity, the Rabbi stands for a just judgment concerning the Jew, from the time of Jesus down to the present.

—Mr. Chadwick, in a paper on "The Revival of Learning", traces much that is best and sweetest in our modern life to the classic contributions of Greece and Rome.

—Rev. E. W. Hayward finds in Mather Byles, the first minister of Holly Street Church, Boston, "a rill of genuine humor running through the gravities of New England life in the eighteenth century." A contemporary wrote of this early preacher:

"There's punning Byles, provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts,
Who visits folks to crack his jokes,
That never mend their hearts.

"With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets."

—J. T. Bixby has a very clear discussion of the question whether the course of "Religion is a Progression or a Degeneration", in which he concludes: "In spite of all intermission and temporary reverses of religious progress, the spirit of man, I believe, has, step by step, been rising toward clearer vision of the divine and more comprehensive outlook over the fields of spiritual truth."

—At this belated hour we wish to welcome Prof. Joseph Henry Allen to the editorial chair of this *Review* and to express our hearty thanks and appreciation to Rev. James DeNormandie, the retiring untiring editor. Under the management of Mr. De Normandie the *Review* steadily grew in ability and interest; nothing is left to be desired in the way of breadth and hospitality of thought. And Prof. Allen is the one man above all others in the Unitarian fellowship for the management of such a magazine as this. In his hands we see no reason why *The Examiner*, which the elders in our fellowship have never ceased to mourn for, may find a successor not only equal in scholarship but some twenty years nearer the Kingdom. We wish *The Unitarian Review* made its monthly visit into every home into which UNITY receives a weekly welcome.

DUTY.

The imperative word of religion is DUTY. It is the pigment with which the soul paints its picture of heavenly things. It is the note that will bring harmony out of discord; without it no great attainment has ever been reached. 'Twas a burdened humanity calling for rest at the door of Watt, Stephenson, Howe, McCormick, that gave to the world the engine, the railroad, the sewing-machine and the reaper. No great poem was ever shaped into lasting rhythm unless there were in it the groanings of humanity; unless God was pleading for a helping human voice in the soul of the poet. This is the only canon of art that survives. The

soul that is profoundly stirred with a divine desire to interpret life on the high plain of duty *will* be heard, and *will* be respected. Ah! but you say, beauty is its own justification; let us have "beauty for beauty's sake"; but there is no beauty where duty is not, and duty makes all things beautiful; it brings in its train all knowledge and all the graces. It makes wise the simple and tutors the ignorant. The secrets of statesmanship were revealed to Abraham Lincoln through the humble doorway of *duty*, it was lending grace to his awkward form, and was moulding into beauty his furrowed face. Twenty-two and three years ago we remember seeing a rough, ragged face, a face bearing the rude lines that go with an untrained intellect and hard surroundings, but it was a face terrible in its earnestness, radiant when suffused with sympathy, almost angelic when breaking through war's severe rules and triumphing over the exactions of military red-tape with the weapons of love. It was the face of Mother Bickerdyke, the great army nurse from Illinois, whose only college discipline had been that of adversity, and whose accomplishments had been acquired over the wash-tub. To-day the photograph reveals a face rounded into tenderness, a brow moulded with thoughtfulness, and an eye refined into gentleness, so sure is duty to lead to beauty. While on the other hand each one can recall dimpled cheeks, laughing lips and sparkling eyes, gradually fading into the cold, hard, unattractive lines of worldliness and ambition in the short space of a dozen or score of years, showing how impossible it is to retain beauty where duty is not the guardian.

Duty leads to wisdom as well as to beauty. "The pure heart is in all probability clear-minded," says Martineau. Give us the knowledge that comes through self-denying drudgery, before the college training of selfish ambition. Start two boys on this road; at twenty-five one will scan his Latin and parade his sciences, the other will be slow of speech and hesitating in thought; but at fifty-five the intellectual distance between them will have greatly lessened, or indeed, as may be exemplified in almost every town and hamlet of America, the relative positions have been entirely changed. The apprentice lad has become the trusted man of sound judgment; the college boy has become his intellectual inferior, providing the former retains that loyalty to duty which the latter does not seek.

Contributed Articles.

THE PROHIBITIONIST.

O'er field and wood the sunshine spread
Its shining wings of gold,
As if to shield the summer's dead
From winter's creeping cold.

Serene the sleeping landscape lay,
At peace beneath God's hand;
The village cross-roads stretched away,
Four glistening ropes of sand.

With moss and memories mantled round,
A public structure stood,—
Schoolroom, and, on the people's ground,
Town-hall and house of God.

Made one, this fair November day,
In Freedom's holy name,
From north and west, and far away,
A hundred voters came.

A hundred stalwart, brawny men,
Whose muscles made their might,
Polled here their ballots—ten times ten—
For every race and right.

And where the low-browed country inn
Its purpose half revealed
With rude device of fiery gin
Their standard "right" was sealed.

Such rule had made the sunken town
Of little worth or note,
When, tottering forth, cast Father Brown
His Prohibition vote.

I knew the world would laugh to see,
Far down the column's length,
"One" counted in minority
To break the "Party's" strength;

For people still are prone to miss,
Through long, prophetic years,
The meaning of an act like this,—
Until the dawn appears.

But that a hand too weak to know
The young man's privilege,
A right protected by a blow,
A will with war to wage,

Should hold the power of safe dissent
From all the world beside,
And wield it through the continent,
Is half Columbia's pride.

And that a faithful patriot dares
To recognize the flaw
Which, aging, more and more impairs
The beauty of her law,

Is all Columbia's lease of life;
God weigh the women's tears,
And let the mute prayers of the wife
Add to our country's years!

An old man cast his vote for good,
And whether ill or well,
And who has most misunderstood
His times, the future tell.

His motive shall not be maligned,—
Man is but loyal when
His earnest fealty has divined
A higher walk for men.

And life is paltry if we seek
No fresh and holy aim
To fan the glow upon our cheek
Into an altar flame!

Brave Father Brown was past fourscore;
How old, my friend, are you?
And to the era at your door
Will you be half as true?

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

COOKSVILLE, Wisconsin.

AMIEL'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

Those who have read with delight the *Pensées* of Joubert and of Pascal, and who have been set to longing for perfection by communion with Emerson and Channing, will find in Amiel's *Journal Intime* a book after their own hearts—a book full of questionings, troublous thoughts, doubts, faiths, hopes, and a sweet and rare sorrow, all tinged by a nameless travail of soul—the yearning for God. It is an "In Memoriam" enlarged and brought down to date by the addition of the subtlest answers to the nineteenth-century child's cry for the Absolute. It is an "In Memoriam," but of a great soul's daily dyings unto the world, and daily risings unto what is fine and good. Not a common book is this one, nor is it in any way to be

classed with "the book for the times." Happily we have one more book for the eternities. Your "times" reader will not understand it any more than Athens understood Socrates, or Gifford understood Keats, or New England understood Thoreau. But he for whom it was written will find it and understand it, and will feel like saying grace whenever he opens it.

Amiel, like a Kempis, and Epictetus, and Emerson, is for him who would cultivate those transcendent moods of the spirit which enable one to live always as seeing him who is invisible. He who would higgie with the world for uppermost seats and for the praise of Lord Luxury and the smiles of Mrs. High-Mind will find no word in the *Journal Intime* for his edification, for he who reads here must with "heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less." He must set to his seal that the enrichment of the interior life only is good; that the rest is illusory, or at best cheap.

Amiel was not what would be called a radical, either in philosophy or religion. True, Hegelianism colors his thoughts everywhere, especially in his effort to see the All in One; but he seems quite unwilling to swear by anyone, even Hegel, and he complains of Hegel and Spinoza, too, that they attempted to make a system of intellectualism supplant religion. He was a broad-minded man, and broad-mindedness is neither radical nor conservative, though one is likely to find more broad-minded men among the radicals than among the conservatives. Narrow-mindedness—there is our danger. Hospitality in thought—there is our salvation. Insincerity and irreverence are the only unpardonable sins. I am still a petulant child if I cannot sit with Schopenhauer and listen reverently to him as he discourses on the emotion of pity as the basis of altruism, or on metaphysics without God, or with Strauss as he argues against the supernatural in the New Testament; or with Whitman as he talks about the democratic vistas of these states.

When one thinks of the narrow-mindedness of churchmen his wonder must be that Christianity has made any headway at all in the world. If Christianity is anything it is interior; it has to do with what one is rather than with what he believes. It lies in the dispositions and the just ordering of the heart. It emphasizes the thought that we best glorify God when we are seeking to enrich ourselves with the royal qualities of God. Christianity is broad, but men have conceived of it as being no larger than their own narrow loves. What was intended to be cosmopolitan has been made, by the sad irony of some perverse god, a narrow provincialism, and one, whether angel or man, dare not preach the gospel to a poor Indian unless, forsooth, he is ready to tell him his ancestors have gone to an irrevocable doom in the house of Hades. The church is still unwilling to admit that the just, true, and nobly-aspiring man is God's man, and, therefore, a Christ-man.

It is interesting to know what so honest, independent, and astute a thinker as Amiel was thought about Christianity. What he has left us on this one subject, fragmentary as it is, is enough to prove his seership and to endear him to every liberal heart. He could say of the Christian what Paul said of the Jew: He is not a Christian who is one outwardly, but he is a Christian who is one inwardly, and one's faith is not evidenced by his adherence to names and forms, but by his loyalty to the true and good. UNITY may find some comfort in these words of the lonely Genevese thinker: "As I understand it, Christianity is above all religions, and religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its roots and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows. Religion, in short, is a state of the soul. These quarrels as to method have their value, but it is a secondary value; they will never console a heart or edify a conscience. This is why I feel so little interest in these ecclesiastical struggles. Whether the one party or the other gain the majority and the victory, what is essen-

tial is in no way profited, for dogma, criticism, the church, are not religion; and it is religion, the sense of a divine life, which matters. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' The most holy is the most Christian; this will always be the criterion which is least deceptive. 'By this ye shall know my disciples, if they have love one to another.'

"As is the worth of the individual, so is the worth of his religion. Popular instinct and philosophic reason are at one on this point. Be good and pious, patient and heroic, faithful and devoted, humble and charitable; the catechism which has taught you these things is beyond the reach of blame. By religion we live in God; but all these quarrels lead to nothing but life with men or with Cosacks. There is therefore no equivalence between the two points of view.

"Perfection as an end,—a noble example for sustenance on the way,—the divine proved by its own excellence,—is not this the whole of Christianity? God manifest in all men, is not this its true goal and consummation?"

Thus wrote Amiel in 1866, and proved his greatness by it. In 1852 he wrote: "God is the father of spirits, and the constitution of the eternal kingdom rests on the vassalship of love." It is this high aim, this devout frenzy for what is eternally beautiful, this deep longing and striving for the ineffable center of light and love, that places Amiel among such souls as Plato, Raphael, Guérin, Ruskin, Browning and Emerson. The noblest of them all would not, I think, look condescendingly on him. As he sits down with them to their celestial banquet, I fancy that they smile on him and say: Hail! weary worker, patient striver, lofty singer.

A life set to so high a purpose gives us a new faith in man and an enlarged hope of immortality. It confirms our belief that

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

G. D. BLACK.

WHY DO WE NOT GO TO CHURCH?

I shall try to be frank. I ask my readers to be so. You will see below the reason of this promise and this appeal. There are several reasons why we do not go to church. First, the preacher is not "liberal", is "old foggy", "doles out"—as an acquaintance charged the other day—"chestnuts eighteen hundred years old". This objection may apply in villages and towns, but hardly in cities where the gauge ranges all the way from Edwards to Ingersoll. Next, "The preacher gives out only the intellectual. He does not feed me. My indefinable longing remains unsatisfied." Well, this objection may truly apply in some localities. It does, indeed. But, of course, it does not hold good in cities. A third reason is the fact that Sunday is the time of nervous relaxation. "I'm so tired, I can't think of getting ready." This is a real reason, but it indicates the reason of almost all reasons in the case, viz., *lack of religious interest*. Now, let us plainly account for this lack. Then we shall have some of the profounder reasons why we do not go to church. (1) A few persons have no religious nature. Their souls are a total blank on the subject. Having no "fellow feeling" with such, our sympathy for them is simply the deepest pity. What a void they unconsciously suffer! A sense left out would not be more strikingly painful to our observation. The sun become "black as sack-cloth of hair", may not be too intense to represent their dreadful darkness. Yes, *darkness!* No super-earthly sentiment follows their observations nor mingles with their reflections. Light to them is only plain light created for seeing figures. It does not suggest nor awaken the light which enlighteneth. Music awakens in them no sacred relations toward God, no divine harmonies of thought and feeling. They have "no profit of the shining nights." They do not hear the grand

old organ of the sea, whose distant, deep resoundings are like notes of the infinite. Ah! the death-like stillness in the soul that never, never hears "the still small voice" of the tender God! And *do men realize that this religious nature is but a faculty and may become powerless by disuse?* I am myself this moment warned by the very thought. (2) Men absent themselves from church because they do not enjoy the corrections which religion administers. Now, we are getting at the thing. Men would indulge just a little longer some open or secret sin; the little unscrupulous acts and words in trade seem necessary, and, indeed, sometimes gross sensuality or intemperance has trodden down and overrun a noble and spiritual nature. True men recognize that these things are utterly incompatible with the least profession of religion. And they are right. Oh! how a sincerity, fidelity to God and conscience shuts off the tides of evil in the soul—as the early seas were shut within their swaddling bands by the fiat of deity. There is no kinship between good and evil, between light and darkness, between God and mammon. In vain shall any one seek to reconcile these awfully wide opposites. The gulf between them is wide as hell. Religion makes a poor appearance covered with modern patchwork. It makes all the worse show when covering professed Christians. Open rebellion is better than "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." This is adding insult to injury. Let the distinctions be kept clear-cut. Let the ancient landmarks remain. Liberal in dogmatics, broad in charity toward weakness, but ever defined on motive and unrelenting toward actual wickedness. We are sometimes weak because we *must* be, but we are only *wicked* when we *will* be. And it occurs to us that persons who are overcome with weakness, or inclined to wickedness, do not mistrust the help there is in personal religion. But they think they must accomplish the good before they are fit to take hold of the means by which the good is accomplished. They put the conclusion before the premises. This is not logic. To conclude, we would repeat that the usual barrier to church-going is, finally, a quite unenviable moral condition. This seems a little hard to say, but is it not even so?

CHICAGO.

W. W. FELLOWS.

LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

Methinks my sun of life has set;
 In twilight I am lingering
 To bind the sandals to my feet;
 Full soon I shall be journeying
 Through other paths than these I've trod.
 My way is wending
 Toward the sphere
 Where beauty, blending
 With the fire
 Of rich, celestial harmony
 Dropped from lyres
 By angel choirs
 Turns all things into melody.

EUGENE ASHTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR THE
UNCHURCHED?

It is estimated that in the United States only about one-third of our entire population are members of any church organization; hence the above question. It will not do to count all the remaining two-thirds as wicked, ignorant or vicious, for among them are millions of our best men, men of upright moral character and strong religious sentiments, who would scorn to do a mean or unworthy act, and who most fully comprehend that divine truth, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them". In this class we find the majority of the world-movers and bread-winners, men with a stern sense of duty

to God, and home, and native land, whose hands are ever open to the cry of want or distress. Among this class we find more than two-thirds of all the young men in our towns, villages and cities, which fact can be verified by observation and a very little research. Shall the church reach the unchurched by adjusting itself to modern wants or to those fitted to the people of 200 years ago? The great doctrines of worship, reverence, truth, justice, goodness and mercy are never failing, and there is no decline in the beneficent injunction "do good to all men", for there never was a time when the appeals of distress were more readily responded to than the present time.

Some eminent in the churches think it time that a new creed was formulated, and Prof. Mead, of Oberlin College, in a paper read at St. Louis not long since says: "The doctrine of the atonement is now seriously questioned, and we must have a revision or a new statement", while he gravely asks the question, "Does the Bible teach the doctrine of remediless and endless punishment?"

I would have a creed broad enough to take into one fold a Beecher, a Swing, a Thomas, a Clarke, a Ryder, a Peabody, a Collyer, and a host of others who are working for God, though strict orthodoxy looks on askance.

Not long since my business took me to a neighboring city to spend a few weeks; my boarding place was at a hotel where the gentlemen's sitting-room was a *smoke-room*; not using pipe or cigar I craved the privilege of the ladies' parlor. But I thought of all the young men residents and strangers in that city of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, and asked if there was any reading-room or public library or any other place of retreat outside of this tobacco smoke and its influences, and was told that there was not a single place of the kind. And this was a city of churches where it cost \$20 of a Sunday to warm one of them to entertain an audience of seventy-five all told, when the cosy Sunday-school room could have been nicely warmed at one-fourth the expense. "And Jesus went into the temple and overthrew the tables of the money changers and the seats of them that sold doves." By the persistent efforts of one lady Madison enjoys a public library which is open at all times for the benefit of the public, with nice rooms lighted and warmed. Does it cost? Which, this, or crime and lawlessness?

I am glad to know that one religious society in Chicago is now trying to work out the problem of a church edifice that shall combine the home of the pastor, a social or society room and a library. Singing birds and growing plants, with one or two attendants to care for the visitor, will be better educators for our young men than the saloon and smoke-room. My plea is not so much for creed as it is for character in religion; not for loosening moral obligations but for binding them more firmly, and so I repeat the question, what shall we do for the unchurched.—B. S. Hoxie in *Evansville Enterprise*.

The Study Table.

The Faith that Makes Faithful. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1887. Imitation parchment, fifty cents; cloth, \$1.

A neat little volume of eight sermons by two men well known in the Unitarian fellowship, and by them fittingly inscribed to a third, John C. Learned, minister of Unity Church, St. Louis. Mr. Gannett preaches upon "Blessed be Drudgery", "I Had a Friend", "A Cup of Cold Water", and "Wrestling and Blessing"; Mr. Jones upon "Faithfulness", "Tenderness", "The Seamless Robe", and "The Divine Benediction". The sermons, as the subjects indicate, are *life* sermons, practical rather than doctrinal, dealing very little, if at all, with theological issues as such, and for this reason, so admirable *life* sermons are they, we hope they will have the wide circulation they deserve, and be read by many who may not be in doc-

trinal sympathy with the fellowship to which the authors belong. Two of the sermons, "Wrestling and Blessing", and "Blessed be Drudgery", have already been printed in tract form, and have had wide circulation. They will make the little book wanted wherever they have led the way. Of the "Blessed be Drudgery" a workman once said to the writer of this notice: "I tell you, it made the shop pleasanter to me all the next week after reading it", and one of the leading ladies connected with the Women's Christian Association in one of our western cities procured copies to distribute at the Home for Working-women, liking the tract so well, though not sharing the particular theological opinions of its writer, yet not afraid of the UNITY imprint.

The sermons all fall properly under the title given the volume, being helpful of the "faith that makes faithful." In the sermon on "Tenderness", Mr. Jones shows his happy way of taking some little incident in actual life and making it effective for faith in man's better nature and for one's own best endeavors. Much of the simple daily goodness in human life goes unnoticed by many for want of this finer sympathy, and men's faith and trust are the less strong and joyous thereby. But we did not mean to speak of the sermons separately, nor compare one voice with the other as they speak to us from the printed page. They preach one gospel, each with his own accent, the pleasanter that it is his own. We are glad to have so much of these two friends within these little covers. It was matter of regret with us, as we know it was with not a few others also, that the little volume appeared so close on the eve of Christmas. However, it served to bear many a Christmas greeting, and remains good for one's own inward quickening, and for a friendly remembrance any and every day of the year.

We notice some errors in the proof-reading which we trust another edition will see corrected. We would suggest also heavier and finer paper, especially within the parchment covers. Real gems deserve fine setting, though they are not dependent upon it.

F. L. H.

The History of France from the Earliest Times to 1848. By M. Guizot and Madame Guizot De Witt. Translated by Robert Black. Illustrated. Half morocco. Vols. I and II.

Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature. Vol. V. Cloth, long 16mo, pp. 479. 50 cents.

Biographical Essays. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Cloth, long 16mo, pp. 364. 50 cents.

The Wisdom and Eloquence of Daniel Webster. Compiled by Callie L. Bonney. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 227. 75 cents.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By Henry Drummond. 40 cents. All the above published by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York.

We have to ask Mr. Alden's pardon for delay in noticing a number of attractive books, first and foremost among which stands his new half morocco edition of Guizot's France, the first two volumes of which are before us. The standard character of this work is too well known to leave room for praise, so we speak only of the exterior features. The binding is exceedingly tasteful, the paper good, the type as large as that in which this paragraph is set; indeed in everything but the narrow margin the edition is equal to the average book sold at \$2.50 per volume, and the price for the set of eight volumes will be but \$6.

The fifth volume of Mr. Alden's "Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature" covers the alphabetical interval from Mary Cowden Clarke to Father Cyprian. Among the living writers included are Samuel M. Clemens, Robert Collyer and Robert Laird Collier, Moncure Conway and George William Curtis. We don't quite see how Mr. Alden is going to round out the work in fifteen volumes, but the enterprise is well worth carrying through if it takes twenty.

The Macaulay volume, with Mr Alden's unique long and narrow page, is a temptation to the re-reading of the essays on Bacon, Warren Hastings and William Pitt. Sometime we

hope to see the rest of Macaulay's essays and his speeches and poems brought out in style uniform with this.

In the same attractive style is offered Mr. Drummond's celebrated "harmony" between science and orthodox theology. We hope our friend Alden will work off his edition of this soon, for we must warn him that the subject is one which the "Zeitgeist" has marked with signs of decay. "The Wisdom and Eloquence of Daniel Webster" is badly conceived, introduced by a turgid prefatory note, and indifferently executed throughout. A writer of Webster's swiftness and flow suffers from being served up piecemeal.

The Story of the Nations. The Story of the Saracens. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash avenue.

The Story of the Nations. The Story of the Moors in Spain. By Stanley Lane-Poole, B.A., M.R.A.S. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash avenue.

Two more of the excellent and useful series called "The Story of the Nations." "The Story of the Saracens", by Arthur Gilman, covers seven hundred years, from the birth of Mahomet in 571 to the fall of Bagdad in 1258. Mr. Gilman has paid great attention to the furnishing of the book in detail. For, in addition to a topical table of contents, he has given a chronological one at the end; also a list of the authors used, which constitutes quite a bibliography of the subject, covering seventeen pages, a very valuable addition to the work; also quite a copious index, filling twenty-two pages in double columns. He says in his preface that he omits what he calls "the thrilling narrative of the Moors in Spain." This is given in the volume especially devoted to that subject by Stanley Lane-Poole; but Mr. Gilman has helped in it. "The Story of the Moors in Spain" covers nine hundred years, from the beginning of the eighth century, "when the Saracens had reached the African shore of the Atlantic, and were looking across the Straits of Hercules to the sunny provinces of Andalusia", to the beginning of the seventeenth: that is, to the banishment of the Moors, by which, says the author, "Spain killed the golden goose." Not so much pains has been taken in the completion of this volume as in that of the Saracens. There is no table of chronology, and the dates have to be picked out from the text. There is no bibliography or list of authors, and the index is meager, covering only five pages. The table of contents, however, is very full and topical.

Shakespeare's England. By William Winter. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

This volume, neatly printed, and of a small size, to hold in one hand, but with good, clear type, on good paper, numbering 270 pages, commemorates two separate visits to England,—the first made in 1872, the second in 1882. The author says in his preface, "It was his wish in dwelling thus upon the rural loveliness and the literary and historical associations of that delightful realm, to afford sympathetic guidance and useful suggestion to other American travelers who, like himself, might be attracted to roam among the shrines of the mother land"; and again, "This reprint has been called 'Shakespeare's England' for the reason that the book relates so largely to Warwickshire, and because it depicts not so much the England of fact as the England created and hallowed by the spirit of her poetry, of which Shakespeare is the soul." It is, as we have said, a charmingly made little volume creditable to the publisher. It has twenty-two chapters with such titles as "Rambles in London", "First View of Stratford-on-Avon", "London Nooks and Corners", "Relics of Lord Byron", "The Home of Shakespeare", "Stoke-Pogis and Thomas Gray", "At the Grave of Coleridge". Chapter twelve, entitled "The Home of Shakespeare", was written "to record for the American public the dedication of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford." It will be no news

that from William Winter's pen the language is elegant, and with many beautiful pictures in words scattered through the pages. One of these, for example, is the description of the scenes and associations about Stratford, on page 144, running into a picture of the Hathaway cottage—a passage full of reverential feeling and pleasant description of the antique house and its belongings and associations. It is done in two or three pages, but it will not be done quickly with the memory when once read.

Familiar Quotations from German and Spanish Authors. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: 9 Lafayette place.

Familiar Quotations from French and Italian Authors. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: 9 Lafayette place.

These two volumes of quotations differ in their arrangement from the English volume which we noticed last week. The alphabetical arrangement follows not subjects or titles but authors. The author's name makes the running head at the top of the page. The subject of the quotations is put in capitals over each extract. The extract in the original tongue is in good sized type, and underneath an English quotation in small type; all clear and the paper excellent. At the end of the French portion is a collection of epigrammatic sayings from various French sources. Two lists of the authors quoted are given; the first alphabetical, the second chronological, with the date of the birth and death of each writer. There are three indexes, a French, an Italian and an English. These being topical serve instead of an alphabetical arrangement of the titles of the body of the work. The books are very valuable, as before we have said, to all scholars and general readers. An account of each author is given in a very brief biographical notice. It is superfluous to add that the works, chapters, etc., to which the quotations belong are given.

Footprints of the Saviour. Devotional Studies in the Life and Nature of our Lord. By the Rev. Julian K. Smyth. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In this book we have one more attempt to make the gospel narratives seem entirely natural and reasonable,—not reasonable in the way in which they are accepted by the great mass of Christian believers, who having once accepted the miraculous find no more trouble about the matter, but rational in the sense of being entirely natural and in accord with all the phenomena of nature known to us. The writer, the Rev. Julian Smyth, although he spells his name with a "y", does not belong to the famous family connected with the Andover heresy trial, but is heretical, nevertheless, after the manner of the Swedenborgians, though it is very difficult to say wherein their heresy consists. The sub-title, "Devotional Studies", does not seem entirely appropriate, there being too much argument for devotion, though the phrase "Studies in the Life and Nature of our Lord" may be taken as describing the character of the book. The various chapters are "The Christ-child", "The Carpenter of Nazareth", "The Christ", "The Sympathy of Christ", "The Temptations of Christ", "The Sanctity of Christ", "The Majesty of Christ", "The Sacrifice of Christ", "The Eternal Presence of Christ". The writer seems to be very much in earnest, but to us it seems only those born to this sort of interpretation can ever be satisfied with it.

How to Win. By Frances E. Willard. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 8vo., pp. 125; price, \$1.00.

To write a book addressed to young women on subjects of moral and spiritual interest which they will read, requires (common sense being presupposed) live sympathy, experience with that class, the peculiar condition called tact, and at least some measure of intellectual vivacity and skill in expression. The author of this book is mistress of these qualifications; and while there is an objectionable tendency in these papers to diffuseness, and Miss Willard's fondness

for paraphrase and quotation, involving some tame attempts at humor, detracts from her power in this direction, still these addresses must be regarded as mainly successful. The fourteen "chapters" contain little on any new subject, or that is itself new, but the treatment is so sensible, high toned and animated, that even the old is invitingly arrayed. We should say that they were intended for young women of seventeen or eighteen and upward, rather than for any younger; certainly none of earlier age, save in very rare cases, can read them intelligently; however, the number of the older sisters is large enough to warrant such limitation. The choice of life-work, importance of specialties, need of resolution, the law of habit, the worth of ideals, and novel-reading—these are among the matters discussed. The aim of the book is to "lift better up to best" in the lives of these older girls; to give them new impulses and ideals. It should be commended as one of the best publications in its line. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland writes a brief and pertinent introduction.

E. R. C.

The Pioneer Quakers. By Richard P. Hallowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Here is Mr. Hallowell again with a work upon the Quakers. And who more suitable to treat the subject,—for he belongs by race to the Friends, and treats the theme *con amore*, yet without narrowness or sectarianism. In the preface he says, referring to his other work, namely, "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts", published in 1883: "The period of history to which 'The Invasion' is limited ends with the year 1677, when brutality in the treatment of Quakers ceased to be a prominent factor in the orthodox religion of Massachusetts. In the present work, after giving an account of the rise of Quakerism in England, I have presented in a condensed, but I trust a concise, essay, a review of its progress in the Massachusetts Colonies, from its advent down to 1724, when the Friends secured exemption from the iniquitous and oppressive tax levied for the support of the orthodox clergy." This little book of ninety pages, well and tastefully made, has an index of seven pages.

Echoes of Many Voices. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is a unique collection of odds and ends of prose and poetry. A different method of indexing the volume, namely, by authors as well as by subjects, would have made it more useful as a book of reference, but for the purpose for which it seems to have been intended, to give a half hour's pleasant retreat to a mind wearied for the time by the labors and worries of our practical life, it is just what it should be. Many of the extracts are familiar to most of us. Some of them have been gathered from out of the way places, which few readers are likely to have explored, and some are taken from well-known works, which one might have read over and over without remarking the wit or beauty of the particular passage until it is thus brought conspicuously to notice. Of course, many an author, from whose works extracts which seem peculiarly suitable to such a book, might be taken, has been left out altogether, but scarcely a single "fragment", as Miss Thurston calls them, has found a place among these "echoes" which has not some merit worthy of attention. On the whole the book is a little different from and a little better than most of its kind.

Ten Dollars Enough. Keeping house well on Ten Dollars a Week. By Catherine Owen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 276.

A helpful volume for the young housekeeper, full of household hints, cooking recipes and domestic economies, with a full alphabetical index—a very convenient bit of kitchen literature in the attractive form of a tale of young married life.

Unity Church Door Pulpit.

DOGMATIC AND RATIONAL RELIGION.

A DISCOURSE BY JOHN C. LEARNED, BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS.

PUBLISHED BY THE CONGREGATION.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear".
—Mark, iv, 28.

"The God of the man of education still occupies the far away foreground through which language but feebly travels".—J. N. Sprigg.

" * * * Call it what thou wilt,—
Happiness, Heart, Love, God—
I have no name for it;
Feeling is all name, is but sound and smoke,
Veiling the glow of heaven."—Goethe.

Before we can be sure of any solid gain in the field of religious thought, we must adopt some of the methods of science. As the matter now stands, men live in a state of unrest and vacillation. Their convictions seem everywhere unformed, and at the mercy of a thousand accidental circumstances and influences. To-day they think they stand upon eternal foundations; to-morrow they are swaying or swept away by the waves of doubt. Now they attach themselves to a certain form of faith which for the time gives satisfaction; by and by it is found deficient and another has displaced it.

Nor are those to be envied as better off who having made their choice cling to it by sheer force of will; shutting their eyes and refusing to change, though truth and reason have long since turned it into a form of deadness or a pillar of salt.

No blame in most cases is to be attached to either class—to those who vacillate, or to those who fall into bigotry. Under the present prevailing methods of religious instruction such results are inevitable. The attitude of mind toward religious problems inherited from the past and favored by manifold custom, tends to foster and perpetuate it. It is the system, the totally irrational and unscientific system of treating these subjects, which vitiates the conclusion and defeats our hope.

What is the system that produces this dual evil—on the one hand doubt and denial, on the other hand a tenacious grasping of the veriest shells of religion, where the kernel has rotted, and all the life and heart are out of it? The system can be expressed in one word—*dogmatism*. Dogmatism is equally the mother of doubt, of skepticism and of bigotry.

What is dogmatism? It is the attempt to establish belief without evidence. It is the attempt to determine opinion by authority, to form conviction by edicts. "The Pope has decreed it; the church testifies to it, and the Bible says it; some council or conclave, or sanhedrim commands it; and therefore it is to be assented to, believed, and acted upon, on peril of odium and excommunication from the society of all those whom you have loved here, on peril also of perdition hereafter." Is it any wonder that infidels and bigots abound under such a régime as this? Men who believe in reason go out of a fellowship where reason is thus insulted. Men who are afraid to trust reason or believe in the dictum of authority stay in and help maintain for a while longer the power of doctrines already struck with death.

But now contrast this with the scientific method. Professor Newcomb once used this figure in comparing the theologian with the scientists: "His idea of truth is sym-

bolized in the pure marble statue which must be protected from contact with profane hands, and whose value arises from its beauty of form and the excellence of the ideas which it embodies. He therefore looks upon those who attack it with feelings not unlike those of the keeper of the statue upon a chemist who refuses to see anything in the statue except a lump of carbonate of calcium of peculiar form, and who wants to handle it, weigh it, determine its specific gravity and its cohesive power, and test its substance with acids. The corresponding idea of the scientific investigator is symbolized by the iron-clad turret, which cannot be accepted until it has proved its invulnerability. Instead, therefore, of being protected from violence as if it were a product of the fine arts, violence is invited. Its weak points are sought out by eyes intent on discovering them, and are exposed to the fire of every logical weapon which can be brought to bear on them." Moreover, the names of those who by new discoveries have demolished scientific theories once held have been hailed with satisfaction and crowned with immortal honor, while those who have anywhere weakened or overthrown theological doctrines, though vastly more detrimental to human happiness, have been held up to scorn and pursued with hate, if not given over to the martyr's doom.

Take any branch of secular or scientific education, and the plan is, as far as possible, to adapt the instruction to the mind of the learner, to begin where the lesson may be understood. If anywhere rules, paradigms or tables are given to be committed to memory, the utmost pains is taken to use and verify them in such a way that they shall be seen to be founded upon reason. In mathematics, for instance, we begin with the simplest terms and principles, proceeding by slow and easy degrees to operations complex and difficult. In geometry we lay the foundation in axioms, a form of proposition so rudimentary that the very statement of it carries with it the evidence of its truth to every sane mind, and we ask the student to test every result, however great or remote, by its entire and absolute conformity to these fundamental conditions of thought.

Now, how do we teach religion? By a method exactly contrary to this! We teach it by rote instead of by reason. And this is made necessary by our beginning with propositions abstruse and perplexing to the last degree. Instead of being self-evident they are impossible of verification—certainly by the pupil, probably by the teacher himself. We proceed as though there were no scientific, no verifiable or sure basis of religion or of morals. Then, if the pupil asks for some explanations of the great words of the vague and complex phrases of theology, he is very likely soon put to silence by the imputation of irreverence or want of docility upon the part of those who would too closely question these sacred mysteries, or he is put off by some shallow sophistry. There seems to be in certain directions a foreclosure of inquiry; an ever present necessity of mental submission; of accepting without thinking. And because you must not be "wise above what is written," or question some *ipse dixit*, you soon come to find that the less wit and thought you have about the matter, the less it will trouble you, the less it will trouble others,

and the more exemplary sort of Christian you will be, according to the standards of the church.

Let any one look at the catechism in common use among religious sects and he will see what I mean. Even infants are taught to repeat statements that they will never live to understand, and to embody in set phrases forms of thought which only scholars can see the force of. I would not say that there should never be given to be learned language which is not comprehended. As a language lesson and for the practice of the memory it may have great value. But this I say, that no more in religion than in mathematics should any proposition be said or sung that does not embody verifiable truth; that no more in religion than in mathematics is any proposition or symbol too sacred to be questioned and brought to the bar of reason to answer in its own behalf. To give the reply of tradition and authority will not do. To say "It is found in the creed of the most orthodox church" will not do. To say "It is decreed by the infallible council, or by the infallible successor of St. Peter" will not do. To say "It is the voice of St. Peter himself" will not do. Yea, to boast that "This is in the command of the very Jesus of God" will not suffice; for *truth* is the only authority—truth seen, truth verifiable by reason, just as really in religion as in mathematics. However much cause I may have for believing that Jesus or his church, or some saint in his church, would not say or command anything that is not reasonable or right, still I must see it to be reasonable and right, it must become *my* truth or it is shorn of its chief efficacy. Because Jesus or any other authority has taught something, it is not therefore to be taken for granted; it is not therefore true; nor did he thereby expect to make it true. He taught it because, though unrevealed, it was true before, and would remain true though the teacher were forgotten. It is safe therefore and our duty fearlessly to investigate all the claims of truth. They can never be secure until they are investigated; and they must pass through the light and under the scrutiny of each new age. To believe without evidence is a form of immorality.

To illustrate further: Suppose we should require of the lowest grades in our public schools that, instead of telling us what they can find out about units and parts or groups of units, about lines and squares and what they could at any moment verify by their reasoning, they should commit to memory Newton's binomial theorem, or Kepler's law of planetary motion; or, simpler still, let it be the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, that "the square inscribed upon the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares inscribed upon the other two sides"; or, "the product of the sum and difference of two quantities is equal to the difference of their squares". This might not be a wholly useless task, for possibly, besides being an exercise for the memory, in the after-time, in their mathematical studies they might reach the point where the truth of these theorems would, by the development of reasoning power, flash upon them. But it is not plain that by thus taking up the time and force of infant energies we should most effectually prevent the child from gaining that true discipline which is his birthright? It would be strange if we did not by this means utterly dwarf his logical and mathematical powers, destroy all the chances of his ever seeing the reasonableness of the higher truths of this science, thus making him incapable of knowing it as a science, or of having any hint of it as the master and king of the sciences.

Yet we have no hesitation about teaching theology in this way. We launch the youngest children upon the infinitesimal calculus of time and eternity. We teach them to repeat the trigonometry of the Godhead. We place before them equations to solve with any number of unknown quantities. In short, we stand ready at any moment to give them all the probabilities of free will and predestination, all the higher mathematics of heaven and hell, with rules conveniently numbered in the articles of the creeds and the answers set down plainly every Sunday, and then

wonder if they are not well grounded in religion! Should we not wonder much more if this system of dogmatism, if this procedure without proof in a thinking age did not end in the revolt of agnosticism and atheism?

Some of the sharpest issues of our time, involving all the distinctions between radical and conservative, between progress and reaction, are only a question of method. Where shall we begin? What shall we teach first in a rational system of religious instruction? Shall the process be destructive or inductive, scientific or dogmatic? Shall we give to the child, or to the novice or doubter, at once all that we know, or that any one has come to know, yea, all that we believe whether there is any ground of proof for it or not? Or shall we descend to the ground upon which the child or doubter stands, and there upon the very axioms of being, of duty and of divine truth begin to build up the superstructure of religion? Shall we start out by enunciating a set of complex and complete propositions beyond the range of the unschooled powers, and then for their protection proceed to deprecate the use of reason? Or shall we elicit from the very conditions of human existence and from reason itself, such affirmations and inferences, as once fairly seen and formulated no skepticism can shake? I confess that to me there seems no question which of these methods is to be adopted by those who stand for a rational religion.

A Sunday-school teacher, a little perplexed, once said to me of her class of boys already well into their teens: "I can't make out that they believe in God; and it does no good to quote the bible to them." "Well, what do they believe in?" "Oh, they believe in *nature*." I told her then that I thought she had enough to encourage her. *Belief in nature*—is that little? Rather what does it not signify? Begin there. Perhaps at first the boy in his teens, not very poetic in his temperament, will hardly be willing to write nature with a capital N. But lead him on. Let him see what it includes; how far-reaching are its laws; how complete its order; how surpassing its beauties. By and by from simply believing in nature he will advance to the love of nature. And well does the poet say that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." There will be many times when the thoughtful youth will have a sense of exaltation in this presence; will be overpowered by its grandeur, amazed at its exquisite and patient workmanship, or grateful for its bounty everywhere lavished on toiling man. And for most men who grow up tender and reverent, involuntarily the name of God comes to them as the word which most fitly covers all the glory and power, the beauty, the order and the beneficence which lies latent in the universe, or breaks forth upon their vision. And yet, if any one, whether boy or man, has not got so far as that; or for any reason cannot honestly use that term, shall we insist upon it as though it were a matter of life and death, or as though that word or any other were essential to a right life or to the very existence of religion? As Frederick W. Robertson said in that fine sermon on "Jacob's Wrestling", there was a wide truth in Jehovah's refusal to give the patriarch his name. "Names have a power, a strange power of hiding God. Speech has been bitterly defined as the art of hiding thought." "We get a name, and fancy we understand something more than we did before; but in truth we are more hopelessly ignorant." "God's plan was not to give names and words, but truths of feeling."

So, whoever will faithfully keep all the laws of *nature* need not excite our concern; that man in your phrase and in mine, is keeping all the laws of God. His salvation is secure.

At the same time there are some who deprecate the use of all theological terms in a way that seems impracticable and unnecessary. They would not have the word *God*, for example, spoken in the presence of children. But this may savor as much of superstition as any thought that it is too sacred to be reasoned about. We see no good cause for banishing the word. We do not banish the words *circle* or

polygon, though heard by those who vaguely understand their import, who know nothing of the mathematical properties of curves and angles. What we complain of is the attempt to teach the metaphysics of God or the mathematics of circles, before as yet there is any reasoning power to enter into them; and then to set up that teaching by vote as a substitute for truth. This is why, as Unitarians, we refuse to have a fixed and changeless creed. "Scarcely (says Martineau) need the child *know* that he has a soul; it is ours to take care that, when at length he finds it, it shall be a noble and august discovery." Again: "The child's veneration can scarcely climb to any loftier height than the soul of a wise and good parent;—well, even, if he can distantly, and with a wistful contemplation, scan even that. How can there be for him diviner truth than his father's knowledge, a more wondrous world than his father's experience, a better Providence than his mother's vigilance, a securer fidelity than in their united promise? Encompassed round by these, he rests as in the embrace of the only omniscience he can comprehend. Nor let this domestic faith suffer disturbance before its time."

Too often in the very definition of religion men receive their first bias toward dogmatism. The words signify something foreign to their experience, or only a single phase of the spiritual life. Even if we leave out all dross found in the Confessions of Faith and in the philosophies, we shall need to discriminate. Schleiermacher's "Sense of Dependence", helpful as it has been to many, is yet more heathen than human. A better thought is contained in this sentence of Mark Pattison, of Oxford: that religions are "efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with that Unseen Power whose pressure it feels, but whose motives are a riddle." Broader and higher rises the word of Channing: that religion is "the aspiration toward that Ideal which we call PERFECTION."

Religion does not merely look up with sense of helplessness, it looks within with sense of power; and around and down with impulse of service. It is a sense of relation, and a desire to discharge the liabilities which grow out of it. It is always a dual perception. I on one side and something, *not I*, on the other. This conscious dualism involves the striving after union and harmony, what in the doctrines of divinity is called the atonement (at-onement). It is reached by aspiration—aspiration toward our ideal of perfection, and by obedience to the law of our condition.

Men may disagree about the names used to describe human conditions,—whether it be concerning the power in ourselves, or the power not ourselves. But the conditions themselves, the realities amid which we stand, they cannot ignore. (1) The relation of body to spirit, of appetite to reason, of our lower to our higher nature, each must confess. (2) So also the relation of man to his fellow man, this present obligation which no member of society can wholly disregard. Out of this rise all the statutes of civilization. (3) And we all stand face to face with nature, of which we are a part. If that term includes other beings below man or above man, so far as we are made conscious of them, we shall find duties growing out of the relation. Its laws intersect our very life. To obey gives health and joy; to violate disturbs the flow of universal forces, destroys the individual man, not merely by breaking down his physical powers, but by destroying the moral vision and distempering the spirit.

"You may call it what you will," said Mr. Savage in a recent discourse, "but we recognize a power outside of ourselves, manifested in star, in street dust, in dew-drop, in flower. We recognize the power that incloses us around like air, that is behind us, besetting us on every side, which is under us and over us, in which we live and move and have our being, out of which we have come, on which we depend every moment of our lives. We believe that we are standing in some sort of relation to this power, and believe that it is possible by study, by higher thoughts, nobler feelings, by living better, by studying the truth, by kindling

our emotions by this [religious] service, we shall become a little wiser, a little better, shall think more nobly, act more justly." And this recognition of our relations, to self and fellow man, and the world above and below us, is why we seek to unite men into religious institutions for their instruction and for worship. And if they can accept the veriest axioms of religion we rejoice in their fellowship.

The Dome.

TWO LITTLE SPARROWS.

Fluffy brown sparrow and his fat brother
Sat on the fence and talked to each other.

Said Fluff, "Do look at those two-legged things
That run here and there without tail or wings.

"Those two are quarreling—look! I declare!
One thing has pulled the other thing's hair!"

"How foolish they are to wrangle or cry—
Why can't they be loving—like you and I?"

"To be sure," said his brother—"pir-e-mit-chee-chee,
Little human creatures should always agree!"

Then the two little sparrows cuddled closely together
And looked very happy in the bright spring weather.

But a great fat worm each little bird did spy,
And they fought and they scratched till I thought they'd
surely die!

M. L. H.

GLIMPSES OF EUROPEAN LIFE.

The great national gallery with its fine paintings, and the British Museum with its many buildings, are open free of charge to all classes several days in each week.

We had been told to visit the exhibition of modern inventions on seventh day evening, to see the electric light and the crowd of people; being there several hours before dark, we watched them spinning glass into threads like many colored silks, soft and flexible, though of no practical use that we could see, save the pretty and curious-looking vases made of the slags from the iron furnaces, and the machinery for spinning and weaving asbestos into cloth with samples of glass made from this fire proof stone.

Then we wandered through the quaint, narrow street made to represent old London, but found very modern things there. When it became dark the buildings were lighted up with electric light, but upon going into the garden and seeing only a promise of flower beds, fountains that were not playing, and hearing rather poor music, these seemed to us poor attractions for the gathering crowd. But we soon ceased to wonder when we saw the roofs of buildings all dotted over with little white lights, and all through the flower-beds and grass plots were yellow, red and green lights, while a large horse-chestnut tree full of beautiful blossoms was lit by a myriad of them, surpassing any Christmas tree in beauty. Indeed, the whole scene seemed like a fairy-land. And when the fountain sent up fine sprays high in the air, and the water appeared red, crimson, yellow, violet and green, then changed rapidly to silvery white, as if the moon was shining on it, we felt that electrical wonders would never cease.

For an hour we watched the marvelous play of colors, then joined the crowd that waited for an underground train, back to our lodgings, and found the short trip interesting, for we were with the laboring class who had been enjoying this seventh day evening outing after a week of hard work.—*Scattered Seeds*.

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The Union meeting of Sunday-school teachers was held as usual at the Channing Clubroom Monday noon, the subject being Jeremiah, xxxv—xxxviii. With this lesson end the lessons on Jeremiah, with the fall of Jerusalem. It is very possible, Mr. Utter said, that Jeremiah was not the only influential man of his time nor the most influential; but that his views and declarations are preserved because he was fortunate in having a scribe or amanuensis, Baruch, who took pains to keep his records safe. Mr. Utter compared Jeremiah's position and views at this first fall of Jerusalem with the situation and views of Josephus at the second fall. Mr. Utter laid stress on the story of the Rechabites as a fine ethical story. Jeremiah declares that they were true to their principles and not to be tempted away, and had the full spirit of obedience; and that if the Jews had the like obedience to Jahveh, they might dwell in tents and yet be safe and triumphant.

The Pacific Coast.—The Constitution, Proceedings of last meeting and Appeal of the Conference perfected by the truly Western brethren last autumn is before us. Article II of the Constitution reads as follows: "The objects of this Conference shall be to promote the religious life and mutual sympathy of the societies which unite in it, and by the raising of funds and in other ways to co-operate in missionary and reform work." Throughout the organization is modeled after that of the Western Conference. It provides for annual membership by the payment of \$1 and life membership at \$25. Their present appeal is as follows: "The special enterprise we desire to assist this year is the erection of a church edifice for the earnest young society (now so uncomfortably housed) in Tacoma, Washington Territory. Rev. Mr. Greer and his friends have labored with rare devotion and self-sacrifice, and have now raised among themselves nearly enough money to pay for the commodious and centrally located lot on which they desire to erect their church. The promise is held out to them of an appropriation from the Unitarian church building and loan fund sufficient to erect their structure, and repayable (without interest) within the ensuing ten years. They appeal to us to assist them in completing the purchase of the ground and in furnishing the church thus to be erected. We earnestly and confidently ask your generous co-operation in this endeavor. Any amount, however small, will be gladly received and acknowledged. Charles

A. Murdock, Treasurer, 582 Clay street, San Francisco.

Boston Notes.—Last Sunday evening Rev. Phillips Brooks preached in Faneuil Hall to the great people without wearing a surplice. A large audience gave earnest attention to the sermon.

—It is Mr. Brooks' weekly custom to close his young people's meeting, doff his surplice and sit down and sing half a dozen Moody hymns with the audience.

—A "wave" of people's meetings is upon us. All shades of eloquence, from the calmness of Dr. Clarke to the fervor of honest, erratic Sam Jones, call out crowds of listeners. In church, in theater, in hall the great public gathers on Sunday evening to hear preachers of various denominations. In New York and Philadelphia the same "people's meetings" are exceedingly in favor.

—Rev. Sam Jones and Rev. Sam Small amuse crowds here, but discreet churchmen doubt the value of their style of educating religiously our people. Contrasted with other popular services now held, the meetings of those two evangelists lack coherency, unction and lasting influence.

—At the Young Delegates' meeting last evening Rev. S. H. Winkley thought the two ways to spread the faith were, first, to have a distinct faith; second, to be always ready to define and illustrate it. Rev. Brooke Herford gave three modes, viz., by identifying ourselves with some church near us, by standing against the inhospitality of many churches, by using our personal persuasion among our young friends.

—Our Unity Clubs are about being asked by circular for details of their work, with a view to start a central bureau uniting east and west with the best methods of organizing.

—Successfully organized Universalists and Unitarians hereabouts do not want to coalesce forces—only to grow near each other and to encourage union of forces in locations where one denomination cannot stand alone.

Meadville, Pa.—Thirty-one students in the theological school this year, four of them ladies. A number of them are doing missionary work in surrounding towns. The lectures recently given by Rev. J. Ll. Jones were masterly and eloquent, and much enjoyed by the students and citizens. The first was before the Art Institute and was a penetrating inquiry into the noble and pathetic life of Millet, the French peasant painter, closing with an inspiring moral drawn from the artist's masterpiece "The Sower." The lecture was followed by fifty or more stereopticon views of the artist's work, which awoke the tenderness, sympathy and human interests of the large audience assembled. The second lecture—on "George Eliot"—delighted the audience that crowded the chapel of the Divinity School. The third was on the poetry of Browning, and awakened much interest in this much neglected poet. Mr. Jones spent much time with the students and his presence was helpful to all. Altogether his visit was a pentecostal feast in the midst of our daily monotony and routine. STUDENT.

Sheffield, Ill.—Rev. J. Fisher still continues to fill the pulpit at this place, the congregations are good, they have a splendid choir, an earnest Sunday-school, and they are organizing a new literary society, with good interest manifested. It is always so where faithful Brother Fisher works.

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